

REALIST

Mick

on the machine next to mine gets offended
if I don't look at him or talk back to him
as he shouts his life story over at me for the third time.
"IGNORING me, huh!?" he'll shout
over at me indignantly
with his hands on his hips as his cutter plows through
steel
but if
I listen intently to everything he says
as I try to run my machine
and nod my head and say "Yeah" a lot in sympathy and
agreement with his opinions and feelings
he'll stop and jab his finger in the air toward me
and shout indignantly, "HUMORING me, eh?!"
Then,
if I start to disagree with or question his remarks or
come back with barbed contradictory views of my own he'll
stomp around on the platform in front of his machine
swinging his fists
and shout, "Getting SURLY with me, huh?!!"

No one is going to try to pull the wool over Mick's eyes
by pretending they can get along with him.

THE CRIMINOLOGIST

After hearing
all of Curly's stories
about those Mexicans down on the computer mills talking
about how I look and act just like a mass murderer
and after hearing all of Curly's theories and insights
concerning why
my quiet undercover never-speaking super-nice-guy
manner
qualifies me as a possible PSYCHO who may
snap at any moment who may
attack someone with a wrench who may
have 17 people buried in his basement,
Earl
comes over to my machine to repeat Curly's allegations to
me and get my reaction to them
and I tell him
that he needn't worry that the only person
I might ever actually kill
would be Curly.